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519 while doing little actual violence with their *porcha* or quarter-staffs, were very successfully inciting to violence with their tongues.

The *esu*, as I have said, is not associated invariably with a marriage payment. On the recent occasion of a death, when some clans gathered as mourners, they soon found themselves engaged in a hand-to-hand fight which resulted in one serious casualty. There is a semi-traditional account of a quarrel between two branches of the Koie-Bumana people who formerly inhabited a portion of the present Tain-Daware district. One party visiting the village of the other at a feast caused some amusement by their efforts at dancing. 'You are like cassowaries', said their hosts. 'And anyway, why have you come? There are no girls for you here.' The guests retorted that their hosts danced with the elegance of flying-foxes, and challenged them to a tug-of-war with a long rattan cane. This contest proving indecisive, the two parties seized their weapons and took to fighting in earnest, with the ultimate result that, weakened by their own quarrels, they were exterminated or driven out by the Tain-Daware.

519 266 There are many causes of inter-clan strife—the depredations of village pigs, the killing of a dog, the defilement of a water-supply, and frequently the suspicion of sorcery. But such quarrels lead to the *embogi*, which is usually more of a lusty sham fight than a struggle to the death; and only in the most exceptional cases do we hear of cannibalism. In the feud between the Aiga clans on the right and left banks of the Kumusi there was eating of corpses on both sides. But this was spoken of as a horrible thing, that speakers of one and the same language should eat each other.

### *The Tribal Raid*

726 The tribal fight (*isoro*) probably involves an expedition in which a number of clans combine. The war signal—either for the alarm or the assembly, for both mean the same thing—is a fast-throbbing rhythm on the *hui*, called onomatopoeically '*kikiki*. . . .' (In these days of peace the same signal announces the arrival of a Government patrol,

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726 though the alarm is happily less acute.) The attacking force having assembled by day usually travels by night, with the intention of surrounding the devoted village and surprising it at dawn. These tactics, however, are not invariable: the raiders are better satisfied with random victims, such as an isolated fishing party.

726 562 It was customary for women to accompany the expedition carrying pots of food; and they might even stand by their husbands as armour-bearers. Sir William MacGregor, ascending the Kumusi in 1894, noted that 'The men carried generally a spear and a shield each, with a woman behind him bearing two or three spears. The women were able-bodied, and unaccompanied by children or small boys. Apparently they were simply armour-bearers.'[1] Again, on the same river in 1895 he met many armed natives, 'the warrior being frequently followed by a woman carrying part of his panoply, or ready to relieve him of his arms when he was induced to dispense with them'.[2] The women were always ready to urge on the fighting men and even to mingle in the fray, as W. E. Armit found when in conflict with the natives of Papangi. For then, when the warriors rushed to the attack among the long grass, cheered on by the shrill cries, 'Cheep! Cheep! Cheep!', of their women-folk, it was found when they were finally beaten off that two of the women lay dead with spears in their hands.[3]

712 726 Villages were often built on hill-tops (where there were any hills) by way of defence, and many such sites are marked by clusters of coco-nut palms in the Tain-Daware district. In these easy-going times they have been abandoned for more accessible positions. Tree-houses (*savai*) were built as refuges in emergency, and, as they contained an armoury of spears and (it is said) a supply of food, water, and fire-wood, they enabled the refugees to hold out until help came from their neighbours. In their tree-houses the natives were for the time being secure enough, for an enemy armed with nothing more than the spear could not safely venture within striking distance. An interesting incident of the early days

[1] *Annual Report*, 1893–4, p. 54. [2] *Ibid.*, 1895–6, p. xvii.
[3] *Ibid.*, 1899–1900, p. 91.

1:Williams E,G-5 (1923-1925) 1930
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shows how much confidence the native felt in his retreat. In the Sisarita district Mr. Armit with his police and carriers entered what was apparently a recently evacuated village. Finding a tree-house in a garden, one of his carriers swarmed up the ladder intent on the search for loot, only to come howling down minus the index finger of one hand. Putting his hand on the airy threshold of the *sawai*, which he took to be unoccupied, the unlucky carrier had received a blow from a stone which crushed off two joints of his finger. The still more unlucky refugee, who had no doubt hoped to escape detection, now began 'a lively bombardment with stones and spears' of a constable and several carriers, and, after frustrating all other attempts at capture by the constable, was finally shot—an end to the fray which perhaps astonished him in the rather pathetic security of his tree-house.[1]

Among the coastal people, when the villagers were at work in their inland gardens, sentries were posted on the beaches to guard against attacks from the sea. Sir William MacGregor, approaching several large villages below Oro Bay, found that his arrival was anticipated. 'Before we got within a couple of miles of the first one it was evident that the inhabitants had discovered our presence, and were preparing for our first visit to them. The glass showed the men to be assembling together, all dressed in paint and feathers, each man armed with shield and spear, as well as with a stone club. One man came toward us along the beach at full speed, and at about a mile from the village took two armed warriors from a post in the bush, where they had clearly been stationed as sentries. The three men then ran towards the village as hard as they could, and all the warriors of the tribe concentrated on one spot on the sandy beach.'[2] Among inland tribes the sentry was posted in the branches of a tall tree. One such overlooked the Kumusi near Bogi, and here for months on end two men were perched, one 75 feet, the other about 120 feet, from the ground, watching for carriers and police as they passed on the opposite bank.[3] False alarms were not unknown, as

[1] *Ibid.*, 1899–1900, p. 92. [2] *Ibid.*, 1893–4, pp. 2, 3. [3] *Ibid.*, 1900–1, p. 34.

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726 these sentries, like others, had a way of 'seeing things'. A Tain-Daware man had on several occasions called in his fellow-villagers to beat off an attack of what proved to be merely *binei*.

726 712 It seems that in certain cases at least the village was provided with some kind of stockade, though no trace of these defences remains to-day. As a last point may be mentioned the miniature spear-pits (see p. 49) with which the paths were sometimes beset. They are mentioned as occurring in the Kokoda district, often beside a tree-trunk that has fallen across the path, so that the unwary might step over the log and into the trap. Several of the police had their feet spiked in this manner.[1] Near Bogi, again, Mr. Alec Elliot, attacking a force of natives established in a strong position on the opposite side of a garden, found this garden to be 'one mass of small spears and spear-pits'.[2]

### *Peace-Making*

728 The lively monotony of warfare was broken by intervals of peace. A truce-making was called *peka*, and the first emissaries were women who, born members of one tribe, had married into or been captured by the other. In some cases it would seem that hostages (*otavo*, lit. 'friend' or 'mate') were exchanged. Two or three from either side would spend a few days and nights with the opposite party, and after this the two tribes would meet in armed force on some common ground between their territories to exchange gifts of pigs and ornaments. The proceedings even of a peace-making bore a characteristically warlike appearance, and sometimes the parties who had met to conclude a truce ended by joining in battle again.

It would seem that the position of the hostages was by no means secure, and the idea of exchanging them was to make sure of revenge if one party were done to death. There are tales of the meanest treachery. When after the conclusion of a *peka* a number of Hunjovarehu men had brought gifts to Wasida to make good the damage done in a previous raid, they were hospitably entertained and accom-

[1] *Annual Report*, 1899–1900, p. 93. [2] *Ibid.*, 1900–1, p. 12.

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modated over night, but in the early morning while sitting at their breakfast they were set upon and killed to a man. In comparatively recent times a party of five Waria men, having made peace with the Government, thought it safe to visit their Yema neighbours on the Gira. They were sitting about a dish of stew when five Yema men, having been methodically told off to their respective tasks, fell upon the five unsuspecting visitors and clubbed them to death.[1] It would seem indeed that these peace embassies miscarried somewhat frequently. W. N. Beaver noted that the particular homicidal ornament called *Horu* was 'a croton worn in the hair by a man who had killed a peace herald'.[2]

### *Resistance against the Whites*

It is sometimes suggested that Papuan natives in general are cowardly, or at least that they do not care to stand up to one another in pitched battle. It is true that when bent on securing victims they are content with the easiest they can find; and that in most of the engagements of which we hear, one side is surprised, hopelessly outnumbered, put to flight, and massacred. It is certain, however, that when armed with their shields the Orokaiva will fight man to man with the greatest skill and address, and, I am prepared to believe, with the greatest daring. Even the way in which they deal with the perils of their environment should be sufficient to refute any suspicion of cowardice; and any fear they may have had of the white intruder is surely excused by the facts that the white man was to them nothing short of a supernatural marvel and that he possessed irresistible means of killing.

But the truth is that they resisted the Government and the miners with a determination that we can now only admire, and that they sometimes fought against armed police with astonishing fury and recklessness. Many instances in the *Annual Reports* from 1895 to 1901 show the native as a brave fighter, but none perhaps surpass that in which Mr. de

[1] For this one man Poivo was given six months in Port Moresby. To his first child born after his return he gave the name Garuma (stone) because he had been engaged in cracking stones in goal.

[2] *Annual Report*, 1918–19, p. 58.

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726 Moleyns and his police were attacked in 1901 near Bogi on the Kumusi.[1] He, with a party of seventeen police, and a native corporal, with a party of five, sallied out against the hostile tribesmen, but 'Both simply couldn't make any distance; the natives were so numerous and harassed them every yard they went'. Returning, 'the natives followed them right back to the village and threw spears again from every track notwithstanding there were many dead on each track. This fighting, which was not of a desultory character but continuous and determined, lasted from 3.30 till dark'. Mr. de Moleyns estimated the attacking force at between 400 and 500; and it was thought that not one of the 200 rounds fired by the police was at a greater distance than 50 yards. One of these rounds, at any rate, fired from a Martini Enfield, is claimed to have gone through three men rushing in from a by-track, and another is claimed to have gone through two. Altogether, making allowance for a *soupçon* of exaggeration in the account, it seems obvious that the natives behaved in a very brave, even desperate, manner.

609 648 The Aiga people about Korisata tell a rather amusing story of their first acquaintance with Europeans. A party of miners, with an escort of a few armed police, had pitched their tents on the Upper Opi, and a number of inquisitive savages went to investigate this strange encampment. Among them was a man Kaiora who tells the tale of his adventure with considerable gusto. Watching the camp with his friends he observed several of the miners' signed-on boys who wore *rami*, or short calico skirts. Seeing these *rami*, which in the distance he mistook for the bark-cloth skirt worn by Orokaiva women, Kaiora leapt to the conclusion that the miners' boys *were* women. With a number of others he set off in pursuit, and for greater speed discarded his spear and club, so that he out-distanced his companions. For a moment he had lost sight of the 'women' and was peering about in the bush to see which way they had gone when he suddenly felt himself grasped from behind, and beheld the totally new spectacle of a uniformed policeman. Others came to the policeman's assistance, and

[1] *Annual Report*, 1900–1, pp. 55, 56.